"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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MRS. STIRLING'S WINTER PARTY.

BY MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours."

"AND so we are really settled down in our own house! It seems too good to be true, doesn't it?"

As John Stirling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft curtains of the handsome room. Taking up a dainty bit of bright-coloured knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice, to be sure, boarding at mother's, but it was a sort of vacant life after all. This is so much better. I have something to do now."

John Stirling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delight in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul."

"I declare, John, you are too bad. I never scold, and I'm sure everything has gone on so nicely since we have been here—"

"A whole week, Nellie, and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheels moving."

She sat silent awhile, until her husband began to want to hear her voice again, and rallied her for her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something. Remember I'm your prime minister, and must know all the state secrets and cares of government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain matter as I do. Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Hurlbuts asked us three times, and the Graysons twice, and you know we went everywhere."

John Stirling knew that very well. Somewhat reserved of nature save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he had made during the first winter of his marriage to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind, as she spoke, that she too had wearied of so much excitement, and was going to propose, for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes," he answered, "I know we went out a great deal, but I thought you liked it."

"Yes, I liked it," she said, with a little embarrassment, for her woman's intuition divined the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John, that, having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were very mean if we did not give at least one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Every thing we have is so fresh and new—our drawing-rooms are really elegant! I should so like to gather our friends round us, and give a sort of house-warming!"

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once."

John Stirling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indications of dissatisfaction.

Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong, and her nature sensitive and impressible, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for her shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings of her elegant bonnet when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child, who had brought home some sewing, wanted to see her.

Mrs. Stirling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young, Mrs. Stirling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets; but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery-maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Stirling's bachelor heart away,

"Where did you come from, and how did you find the way here alone, you poor little thing?"

"Sister Anne sent me, ma'am. She had done your embroidery, and she thought if she could get the money for it, to pay Mr. Jenkins, maybe he would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?"

"Yes'm. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, for the ladies she works for were most all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I s'pose the worry and the not having much to eat did it, ma'am."

Mrs. Stirling leaned toward the little creature and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made those blue eyes look so large, and the skin so transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for *bread*, and she going to spend so much money in one evening, feasting those who never felt a want even of dainties? She knew not what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of the suffering among the poor. She said, pleasantly,

"Well, child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister; I had better speak to her about the work."

"Is'nt it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm, and spoke with the premature womanliness and the natural apprehension of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty.

Mrs. Stirling relieved her with ready sympathy. "Yes, indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about some more, and perhaps I can do her good."

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache could she have seen the eagerness with which the half-famished child devoured the lunch which was set before her in the kitchen.

In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Stirling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her hand, containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city toward a locality hitherto *terra incognita* to her.

In a half-dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs, and entered a back room lighted by one window. The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill. Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the walls, the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness, was only relieved by an air of scrupulous neatness, which pervaded everything. Mrs. Stirling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap and poor and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanliness as her own.

At the window, attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work, and clasp both hands on her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Stirling had not seen her before since spring—the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went up to her and sat down in a chair which stood near.

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of use to you," she said, in gentle tones, which of themselves carried a certain comfort with them, "You have changed terribly since spring. I must hear all about it; but I want you to eat what I have brought you—here are some wine-jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involutary greediness of hunger. Then she blushed deeply, and said in a low voice,

"I am very grateful, Madame, but if you please, I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you."

"No, indeed!" Mrs. Stirling spoke in her pretty, absolute fashion. "I am not going yet. I want to talk with you a while, and I shall not do so until you have taken something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the gay, bright lady sat and waited, feeling, in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight. When the girl had finished her generous meal, and taken up her work again, Mrs. Stirling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Anne?" she asked, gently. "Your cough alarms me."

"No, ma'am, I am very sure it is nothing of the kind yet. There is no consumption in our family. My father was a country minister, and had a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever, caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief which made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it requires to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day little Jane was born."

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen, and there were no living children between us two."

"And have you supported yourself and her ever since?"

"Oh, no! My father's books and furniture sold for enough to keep us some time; and my aunt, who lived here, brought us to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane, and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy our clothes and help Aunt Martha with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been all alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop then?"

"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to see to her; I have embroidered so much."

"But surely you have suffered more than usual this summer?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. The ladies I work for are mostly out of town in the summer always, and so winters I try to save something to help us through. But last winter was so hard that I had not as much work as usual, and this summer we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Stirling took her hand with a comforting pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence you a good deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this damp, unhealthy place."

Sister Anne smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that, Madame. I can only stay here three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more; and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another place."

"Well, you must not feel anxious. Just leave that till to-morrow. Then, if you are not able to go, I will find a place for you. It cannot be a difficult matter to find one as good as this. At any rate, to-morrow you shall see me again; and in the mean time the pay for the work little Jane brought home will make you comfortable."

So saying, she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, and without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Anne Hadly's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home after this her first charity visit.

She met her husband, when he came to his five o'clock dinner, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served; the wife opposite him was young and fair; and when John Stirling rose from the table and went with her into their cozy evening-room, it is no wonder he said to himself that this being in one's own home wasn't so bad a thing after all.

"What is it, Nellie?" he asked, after a while, in answer to a questioning, hesitating look in his wife's eyes. She drew nearer to him.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that money without doing any injustice to yourself or your business—without putting aside any rightful claims?"

"I hope, Nellie, if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."

"Then what," she spoke hesitatingly, "what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"

"I don't understand what you can possibly mean."

For answer she detailed to him the events of the day. When she was through, she said:

"It seems so hard, John, for that poor girl, a minister's daughter too, to be suffering for food; and living, or rather dying by inches, in that miserable, damp, unhealthy place."

John Stirling looked at his wife, and it seemed to him, with the generous, unselfish light illumining it, her face was as the face of an angel. But he did not say so then. He answered, in the tone of one raising an objection,

"But what would you wear to the party, Nellie? I should not like you to look shabby."

"Trust me for that. I can wear my wedding dress. It is such a rich heavy, white silk, and it is not soiled at all. With a little different arrangement of the trimmings it will be as handsome as anything I should get. But are you quite set upon giving the party, John?"

"Are not you dear?"

"I was."

There was a pause of a few moments, in which Nellie tied and untied the tassels of her silk apron several times. Then she looked up, an eager light shining through the mist which had somehow gathered before her eyes.

"I suppose there are many people in the city, John, just as worthy as Anne Hadly, and needing help just as much?"

"Without doubt, Nellie; plenty of worse cases, especially now that winter is coming on."

"Could you help me to find them?"

"I think I could. Some case of destitution, which he cannot afford to relieve, makes a business man's heart ache almost every day."

"But those who have invited us, Nellie? The Hurlbuts, the Graysons—all your many friends? One wouldn't like to be thought mean."

"We can ask them all, a few at a time—all those we care for. Your ordinary housekeeping allowance is liberal enough for that. If that does not please them, after all, John,"—and the little woman hid her face on her husband's shoulder, for she was one who seldom uttered her deepest thoughts, or mentioned, even to him, the emotions which she held most sacred—"if they should not approve it, it matters so much more what He thinks who told us to invite to our feasts, the poor, the maimed, the blind. I have been blind till to-day, John. I don't care for large parties any more."

"You shall do as your own heart has counselled you, Nellie. The money shall be at your disposal to-morrow. We will give our reception to the guests whom God himself chose for us."

He said no more just then, but Nellie Stirling had unconsciously gained in that hour a new and holier hold on the heart of her husband. He had loved the gay, half-spoiled girl—what word expresses what he felt for the noble, self-sacrificing woman whom that day had revealed to him?

Anne Hadly's heart was lightened next day of a weary burden, and she was as grateful for Mrs. Stirling's delicacy as for her aid.

"It is not a gift to you," the lady said, as she had explained the arrangements she had made. "You are to help yourself the same as before. I only want to offer my tribute to your father's memory—your father who lost his life in ministering to an unknown penitent.

For the sake of that Christian man, who like his Master, counted not his life dear unto him, if thereby he might save some, you must accept it."

Need I say how many sad hearts came to John and Ellen Stirling's feast that winter and were comforted—how many hungry mouths were filled—how many fires were kindled in cheerless rooms? Was the sacrifice of giving up one evening, brilliant with lights, odorous with flowers, jocund with music, gay with dance and song, too great? Let the day of everlasting reckoning declare!

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Gone to the silent grave!
Our noble Prince has gone!
The worthy and the brave,
The well-beloved one!
And who shall now amidst the crowd
That flutters round our Monarch's throne—
Ah! who can now amidst the throng
Fill up his place?

Oh, love! oh, human love!
And must it ever be,
That thou wilt a betrayer prove
Of those who trust in thee?
Ah! wilt thou ever lead us on
Through fairest fields and orange groves,
And then in bitterness remove
The thing one loves?

A noble life is gone!
And we who know its worth,
Are left to weep alone
Upon the silent earth!
We mourn not for the soul that's flown
To revel in a higher sphere,
'Tis not for this—we rather mourn
That we are here!

For, oh! when loved ones die,
And we are left alone,
With stricken hearts to sigh,
For thee, beloved one;
Then do we long to be set free
From the earth's trammels, and to flee
Upward and onward, to that world
Where the beloved are gone.

Then let our tears be shed
Not for the one that's gone,
But rather for that crowned head
Who sorrows here alone.
Yes! noble Queen! we fain would bear
A portion of your load of care,
Although we know the deepest grief
Is all your own.

Yet *we* his loss deplore,
For a true friend is gone,
And we shall have no more
His wisdom near the throne.
No more shall we his influence feel
In watching for the people's weal;
His thoughtful mind, his loving heart
From us are gone.

Yet has he left behind
That which will never die—
The traces of a noble mind,
A spirit great and high;
And though our hearts must mourn and weep,
And though our grief is true and deep,
We feel our souls with ardour fired
At his example high.

Yes, noble Prince! we'll give
This honour to thy worth,
By seeking e'er to live
As blessings to the Earth.
We fain would follow in thy path,
And light our own domestic hearth
With purest love, and earnest zeal
For all that's good and true.

E. S.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY ALL THE YEAR LONG.

I. Begin and end every day with God; in the morning, when you awake, lift your thoughts to God. Think how great a mercy it is that you have had a night's rest, and have been spared to see another day.

II. Offer up in secret, your prayer and thanksgiving to God, before you begin your worldly business. It is much better to go from prayer to business, than from business to prayer; for if the world gets the start of religion in the morning, it is hard for religion to overtake the world all the day after. Let no trifling excuses make you neglect prayer; it will be better to take a little time from sleep now, than to have to lament your negligence hereafter.

III. After prayer to God, set about the labour of your calling with diligence and industry. God has sent no man into this world to be idle, but to labour either with the mind or the body, or with both. He who says, "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy," says also, "Six days shalt thou labour."

If you are called to the meanest and most laborious calling, murmur not at it, but consider that it is the appointment of God, and in obedience thereto, be diligent in your place; and in doing this from a regard of His command, you will glorify God as truly, while working at the plough or loom, as the minister in the pulpit, or the sovereign upon the Throne. "The Lord looks not at the outward appearance, but at the heart."

IV. Be strictly just and upright in all your dealings: remember that golden rule, "To do unto others as you would have them to do in like cases unto you;" and also considering those solemn words, "That with what measure ye mete to others, it shall be measured to you again."

If you are a parent or master, take care that you rob not your children or servants, by your intemperance or neglect of what you are bound to provide for their bodily comfort, and above all, for the instruction of their immortal souls. If you are a servant or apprentice, rob not your master, either wilfully or carelessly, of that property which is intrusted to you, or of that time in which you are engaged to serve him.

V. Labour after a heavenly frame of mind in the midst of earthly business. While your hands are diligently employed in needful work, seek to have your heart close with God. Endeavour to improve the time in profitable thoughts, or short prayers, which will be no hindrance to business, but will keep you from vain thoughts, and make you more careful to avoid temptations.

VI. In doing your duty in your calling, humbly depend on God's fatherly care to bless your endeavours, and seek for His grace to teach you to trust in Him, in all events that may befal you. Do you meet with sickness, or losses, or difficulties?—see and acknowledge God's hand in them, and pray to Him to support you, and whatever befals you here to make it work for your good Eternally. Do you meet with success and comfort?—own the hand of God in it; and when He sends comfort, let it be your care to return him praise.

VII. Watch daily against every sin that besets you, and avoid all evil company. Remember, that "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." When temptations attack you, pray to Heaven for power to resist them; knowing that whenever you yield to a temptation, the Holy Spirit is thereby grieved.

VIII. In the evening, take a view of your actions in the past day—humble yourself before God for all your sins, and pray for His pardoning mercy. When you have done the best you can, you will have cause to say you are an unprofitable servant.

IX. Esteem the Bible as the greatest treasure on earth, for it teaches the blessed way to Heaven. If you are a parent, see that your children are taught to read their Bibles, and to understand them: and pray not only in secret, but with your family; remembering that strict account which must one day be given for each soul committed to your care.

X. Make much of precious time, and especially of the Sabbath. Think how great a blessing it is to live in a land

where the Word of God is preached, and where the way of salvation is so publicly declared. Think what numbers of poor creatures are without the advantages which you have, and how they will rise to condemn you at the day of judgment, if such means of salvation are neglected.

Lastly: Whatever you suffer in this world, think what your state would be if you were dealt with as your sins deserve. Remember that the least sin is more to be feared than the greatest sufferings, and that God's favour is more precious than any earthly good.

SPEAK GENTLY TO EACH OTHER.

"PLEASE to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheel-barrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirring around fast enough to suit anybody. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes fill with thankful tears. It was in one of those deceitful calms in his disease, that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added: "Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading and told me you could not? But it did not make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I ever had spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof

of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remembered my lost little Frank—and I remembered also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate and loving.—*Examiner.*

HEAVEN WITHIN.

The spirituality of religion is one of the truths which is arrived at late. To get religion by joining a church, and by making a profession, is the popular mode. We still place too great stress upon the outward act, not recognizing the fact that the kingdom of heaven, if it exists anywhere, exists within us.

In our Saviour's time the people were looking out for an external kingdom, and they had no adequate idea of the moral and spiritual nature of the Saviour's ministry. They asked not for apostles, but for generals; not for teachers of truth and love, but for ministers of state. We see, as we read the Evangelists, that many of the most beautiful and holy of the words of Christ fell dead upon the minds of his auditors, because they were hankering after this fond dream of temporal sovereignty.

Nor can we believe that even in the boasted nineteenth century, all errors upon this subject are dissipated. We might pass by the grosser mistake of the worldling as too plain to need refutation. His idea of happiness as consisting in worldly pleasure and possession, is too childish for any sensible man to entertain. And did we not see it in practical force every day, we could not believe that there were so many children, not to say fools, in the form and dress of men, as we behold day by day. But so, alas! it is. They interpret the text, "Heaven is within you," as if it read, heaven is within your palate, your stomach, your veins. Their paradise is six feet long and two feet broad; and when they are buried in their coffins, their heaven is shut up in dust and ashes, and has no more a local habitation or a name.

But the more subtle and difficult form of error is materializing even the spiritual principle of religion itself, and thinking God requires something besides goodness, and that heaven is something besides peace, and love, and joy within a man's own heart. For human nature plays the same tricks now as it did in the time of Jesus and the Jews, and beguiles people with the foolish notion that their supreme good consists in something else than their own souls being in health, and in harmony with God and man.

There are many kinds of salvation, and many kinds of heaven, prepared by well-meaning but ignorant quacks. One man has a specific for the inveterate sins of the world, seven or more, which consists in taking, like a dose of medicine, the *doctrines.* No matter how hard they go against the grain, they must be swallowed in implicit faith. And they will create heaven for a man. They will make him happy here and happy hereafter. If these doctrines grate against our reason and common sense, if they shock our humane sensibilities, and raise our consciences in rebellion against them, it is considered all the more meritorious to believe them, asking no questions for conscience sake.

Now we are very far from saying or believing that it makes no difference what a man believes, or what doctrine he holds, provided his life is good. We think the doctrines which he holds, have a great influence in making his life good or otherwise. Doctrines are the bones of the system; we cannot exist without bones. But they are only the scaffolding, the skeleton; heaven is within you, in your heart, in your spirit, not in the intellectual dogmas which you accept. It, to be sure, has a great and heavenly effect upon the mind to believe in the sublime and beautiful truths of Christianity—in one God, supreme and blessed for ever, our Father and Friend under all circumstances, and never giving us up even in our sins; in Jesus Christ, his well-beloved Son, our Savior; in the capacity of man for endless improvement, and for ever-growing bliss; in the immortality of his soul, and the final restoration of all, and the salvation of the whole family of man. The entrance of these glorious truths into the human mind is like the sun shining into a dark room. They shed a cheering,

enlightening, joyous influence wherever they go. They act like the presence of Christ himself, and like him, heal the sick, cure the lame, and raise the dead. But there is no heaven necessarily created by merely assenting to these doctrines. They may make the best creed in the world, but to say *Credimus*, we believe them, will not make us saved men. We must digest these doctrines, so to speak, before they will nourish the Christian life. We must eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, so said the Teacher—*i. e.*, we must assimilate the doctrines to our own mind and heart, eat and drink them, and make them a part of ourselves—and then they will clear the mind. They will banish the refuse and rubbish of error and superstition. They will set the inner man in order. They will expel the snakish passions and the hoggish appetites. They will put in action those divine forces of the spirit—love, truth, conscience, hope, aspiration, will—which create and perpetuate a heaven within.

While, then, we do not believe in a doctrinal salvation, we would by no means undervalue doctrines. Make them true; make them good; make them strong; set them as living, omnipotent forces in the character. But believing as much as John Calvin or Martin Luther did will not create heaven in a man's heart, unless he reduces the truth to practice, lives as he believes, and squares his every-day conduct in business, not only by the multiplication table, and four fundamental rules of arithmetic, but by that golden rule of honesty and love, and those eternal principles of truth and righteousness which are as absolute as the laws of mechanics or mathematics.

And we have the same general remarks to make about a ceremonial, as we have made about a doctrinal salvation. Ceremonies in religion are good, as manners in society are good. Baptism is good; the Lord's Supper is good; public worship is good; the days of fast and festival are good; the memorable usages and emblems and appointed means of the Christian Church are good, oh! how good. God be thanked for what they have done to recall his wandering and forgetful children to himself. God bless them for what they may and will do in time to come, in planting in the imaginations and affections the seeds of everlasting love. But let us worship God; let us not worship the Church or its holy rites. They are the carriage in which we ride, the road on which we journey, but they are not the home to which we are travelling. Let us not build the monument of Christ to bury the spirit of Christ. Let us not fight like the crusader, for his sepulchre, till we lose sight of all the divine gifts, and holy authority, and sweet and charming qualities of soul that made Christ Christ. No, this ceremonial salvation is even a lower one than that of doctrines. The kingdom of heaven is still less in eye, or ear, or the gratification even purely of any sense or sensibility, than it is in the doctrines and their intellectual grasp by our minds.

The kingdom of God is within thee, in thy heart, in thy conscience, in thy inmost holy of holies. There find it, there enjoy it, there cultivate it, using all these external means and suggestions of doctrines, rites, usages, ceremonies, to build up stone by stone, and pillar by pillar, its everlasting walls and beautiful courts.

Can we never hit the golden mean? Must we stick in the means and helps, and make an idol of them, or renounce means and doctrines altogether? Is there no resting-spot midway between Quakerism and Catholicism? Cannot we avoid denuding a religious faith of almost all dress of rite and ceremony, or, on the other hand, overloading and suffocating it with a mountain of ritual forms and usages—holy dresses, holy days, holy images, holy incense, holy water, holy buildings, holy men, and holy women?

Rome, the head and front of ceremonial Christianity, lies prostrate, its Pope dying, and its system dying. It did for its day, but its day is past and gone.

Geneva, the great spring of the doctrinal movement of Christendom, presenting the alternative to man, Thou shalt believe the doctrines of Calvinism, or thou shalt die, is gradually getting removed from the centre to the circum-

ference of the controlling forces of the nineteenth century and ever-growing Christianity.

It remains to reassert, and inculcate with new emphasis, The kingdom of God is within you—a spiritual, not a doctrinal, nor a ceremonial salvation. A humane faith, a reasonable religion, a personal interest and culture, these are the only pledges that the soul is right before God, or is becoming right. Not faith alone, not works alone, but faith and works, works and faith, acting and reacting, the right believing and the right doing, can give us assurance that the soul is prospering and in health.

Seek to make and to have your heaven within. There, in the illimitable and invisible spirit, is its grand abode and dwelling-place. No church is large enough to hold it; it must inhabit "the thoughts that wander through eternity." It must be part and parcel of those sweet and hallowed affections that, like a pure fountain of waters, are ever welling up in fresh currents from within. In love, in rectitude, in a good conscience, in a pure mind, in faith unfeigned, in an honest heart, in a soul reconciled to God, in a faith reposing upon Christ, in the hope of immortality, in a conscientious desire, and habitual effort to do our whole duty, in a tender and compassionate interest in our fellow-men, a ready mind to remember them, a feeling heart to sympathize with them, and an open hand to help them—in these are gleams and daybreak beginnings of the full, unclouded heaven. The means and appliances are good and useful, but let us not in employing them forget the glorious end they are to subserve. The outworks and scaffolding of doctrines are all-important in erecting the edifice, but let us not confound the tools and helps with the eternal temple. But may all these help to nourish within our souls that true love to God and man, which is heaven on earth, and which is the foretaste of heaven in heaven.—*Christian Inquirer.*

ACT OF PARLIAMENT RELIGION.

In spite of all the articles and creeds drawn up by the Church of England, to hold all her children together in full assent and consent, in perfect uniformity and conformity, what a strange jumble of opinions have got within her borders, the most diverse that can possibly obtain. The folly of those creeds and confessions, those human articles of religion, have become more and more transparent during the last few years. Some of the Heads of Houses are already intimating it would be better to have it understood that every one who now subscribes "assent and consent" to the Church doctrines is allowed to do so upon his own interpretation of such doctrines. But the Church clergy are doing so now. All that is required is to legalise this perversity and insincerity; it is quite possible this may be done. But have we not insincerity enough in the Church and in the world without making the iniquity of insincerity a law, and forcing people as it were by State bribes to be insincere. By and bye if churchmen do not take care, they will force society into a state of rottenness by hollow profession it will be fearful to contemplate. Let us look at the first ordinance of the church, baptism; let us trace its moral effect. There is the young couple, we have seen them at the font with their first-born child. They have come to answer for their baby. The godfathers and godmothers are asked for, as we have heard it. They said "we will take the responsibility on our own head." "*No,*" that could not be, "the church ordained it otherwise." Suppose a few wooden figures or marble statues were arranged round the font to answer the demand, would you not call that a mockery? but what is done?—a few strangers, who never saw the child before, and will never see the child again, are brought in, and they promise to see to the godly training of the new-born child. If our first supposition was a mockery, is this not equally a delusion and a lie, solemnly promised while the heart intends no such thing? No such insincerity could be continually tolerated at our own firesides, and yet in our state churches it is the everlasting practice, whether they be strangers or not, to demand promises the priest knows will never be fulfilled. Away with such hollowness,

and though we may profess little for our neighbours' children, let us profess nothing but what we faithfully believe and intend to do. So we might continue to show how the creeds are read, how the burial service is said, and how little of the understanding or heart there is in all these things. Be done with such compulsion, be done with such folly; cast it out of the Christian church; away with it from the earth; help brothers, sisters, one and all to purge away the mass of insincerity that pervades the professions of the church.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

THERE was once a poor woman, and she had no dearer wish than one, by accident or a miracle, to obtain a great deal of money, because she believed that if she only had money, all sorrow and suffering would be as good as gone. The accident and miracle did not happen for a long time, however, till the woman one day heard that on the slope of the hill there grew among other grass a weed, and if any one were so fortunate as to pluck it, the mountain would open, the plucker would walk into a large cave, at which seven men sat round a table, who would allow her to take away as much of their treasure as she could carry. From this moment, the poor woman had nothing more pressing to do than to fetch hill grass daily during the summer for her cow, because she hoped to pluck the miraculous weed among it. And so she did; one day the woman had again collected grass, carried the heavy basket on her head, and led her little daughter by her hand, when a large rock opened noiselessly before her like a well-oiled door, and allowed her to see into a cave, where seven old men with long beards, were sitting round a table, and piles of gold and silver were heaped around them. The woman naturally soon took advantage of the opportunity, emptied her basket upon the ground and filled it with gold. When it was done and she was going out again, one of the old men said: "Woman, forget not the best thing!" but she did not listen, and went off. But she had scarce reached the entrance of the cave when the rock closed again, and shut in the woman's little daughter, who had remained behind with the gold. Then, the woman's grief and agony were great; she ran lamenting to the clergyman, and told him what had occurred. The latter said she must wait another seven years, till she could find her daughter again; and after that period she must go to the mountain at the same hour in which she lost her child, and wait for what might happen; but she had made a great mistake in quite emptying the basket for the sake of the gold, because the miracle weed was among the grass she threw away. Now she remembered the old man's words, and learned to her sorrow that she had done wrong to consider wealth as the highest blessing. How slightly she now valued the gold she had brought home, when she had to pay for it by the loss of her child! She thought further, and found that there were many blessings in the world which, if lost, reduce the value of gold to nothing—yes, even make it really appear in an odious shape. He who gives for gold and property the loss of a dear child, beloved parents, his fatherland, a good conscience, his honor, etc., could not say that he had gained, for he has really and truly lost. This, and many other things, the poor rich woman had ample time to reflect on during the seven years, and, to her honor be it said, that till the expiration of that time, she would not look at or handle the gold. At length the day come on which she hoped to find her child again. The woman hurried to the hill in the neighbourhood of the rock where her child was shut up; and, see, there! from a distance she perceived the treasure of her heart—her child sleeping in front of the rock; it was as young and blooming as when she lost it. She lifted it tenderly, and kissed it a thousand times, with tears, on the road home, thinking "if all the gold were out of the room, I should be as happy as if I had found all the treasure in the world." But the gold was not gone, and she was grateful for that, and enjoyed the advantages of wealth, spent much on the good education of her daughter, and thus the well-trained maiden became a great and invaluable treasure.

NICHOLAS GRAB.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Nicholas Grab with his Puritan phiz,
Who lives in a house just over the way,
With his Sunday clothes and his Sunday face
Has made me a serious visit to-day,
And read me a lecture pious and dull,
On certain sins, in a neighbourly way.

He found me writing my mother a letter,
Who is fifty leagues and more away,
And Nicholas said his soul was shocked
To see me using the Sabbath day
In what he pleased to mildly term
Such a dreadful sacrilegious way.

I told him my mother is growing old,
That her earthly race is well nigh run,
And it cheers her heart every Monday night
To get a line from her absent son.
But Nicholas solemnly shook his head,
And very deliberately said:
"The Sabbath day is the day of the Lord!
Nor father or mother,
Or sister or brother,
Should lure the soul from the rich reward
Of keeping the Sabbath day!
'Tis a mortal sin for the nearest kin
To enter the mind and lead it away
From God's great love,
And the treasures above;
Notwithstanding what we may do of a Monday,
Nearest friends must not even be thought of on Sunday,
Excepting, of course, when we piously pray."

Nicholas Grab, the Puritan wretch,
Has fifty thousand a year, or more,
Has piles of money and heaps of bonds,
A brown stone house and a marble store.
He has fifty tenants living in dens
That are hardly fit for cattle pens,
And he grinds their faces down to the bone
Like a man whose heart is wholly of stone,
Oppressing, distressing
Them every way and every day,
Till body and spirit are weary and sore—
That he may extort a dollar more.
And his father and mother, as I am told,
Now grown feeble and poor and old,
Were robbed by their smooth-tongued Puritan son
Of the scanty treasures that they had hoarded
For the days when their strength no longer afforded
The means to live by honest labor.
And then the graceless scamp, they say,
Turned them off in a heartless way;
And the parish now with its scanty dole
Just keeps together body and soul,
While their Christian son is living at ease,
And serving the Lord one day in a week,
Thinking to cheat the devil at last
With his Puritan phiz so long and meek,
And this was the man who censured me
As the wickedest piece of human clay,
For writing my mother, who dotes on me,
A filial note on the Sabbath day!

And so I said to Nicholas Grab,
With a more than half malignant tone:
"Who lets the Sabbath shut out from his soul
A parent's love, has a heart like stone.
The day of the Lord is not too good
To obey his own divine command,
To honor thy father and mother on earth,
That the span of thy days may be long in the land.
If a man will honor his parents to-day,
Nor let the affection of youth grow cold,
I am sure that he never will send them away
To the parish for aid when feeble and old.
If our love for our parents is worthy its name,
Next to God shall we honor them week-day and Sunday,
And think it no sin to love them to-day,
The same as we should were it Monday.
God sees through our motives at all time the same
And Sabbath day visages, painfully meek,
Are the poorest atonements that man can make
For the wicked deeds of the rest of the week.
Let honor to God be shown *all* the week,
And beam in the acts of every day,
Instead of saving it up to be used
As a hypocritical Sunday display.
We honor the cause of God the most
When we honor those whom his hands have made;
And whoso honors his parents to-day,
May be sure God's word is well obeyed."

Nicholas Grab would hear no more,
But hurried out through the open door,
With his hypocritical, Puritan leer,
His crafty eyes, and sanctified sneer;
And left me alone, much nearer the throne
Of God than I was when he was here.

Sabbath day saints! do think they can cheat
Almighty God with their sanctified airs,
And serve the devil six days in a week,
And at last escape his crafty snares?
And because, forsooth, they profess to give
One day in a week to the gospel cause,
Do they think that they thus at last shall escape
From the greedy clutch of the devil's claws?
Heaven save us all from Nicholas Grabs,
Hypocritical teachers of God's holy word,
Who oppress the poor for the cause of Christ,
And cheat mankind in the name of the Lord.

WHY DO YOU GO TO THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL?

A PLAIN MAN'S ANSWER TO THE QUESTION.

"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—1 Peter iii. 15.

You ask me, my friend, how I was first induced to go to the Unitarian Chapel? and why I continue to go there? I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity in this matter.

I was brought up, you well know, in what is called the Orthodox faith, from my earliest years. Not long since, however, in the course of my reading the Scriptures, my mind was

forcibly struck with the propriety and importance of the Apostle Paul's exhortation, *'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'* 1st Thessalonians, v. 21. I did not remember ever hearing this duty recommended at my usual place of worship, but rather, on the contrary, a disposition shown to prevent the people from hearing both sides in religious matters, as being a useless and dangerous practice. I also frequently heard the Unitarians (or Socinians as we used to call them by mistake) spoken of as a set of infidels, not believing in Christ, and as a very dangerous people for companions.

After hearing a great deal of this, one Sunday morning, I went home, and happened to open my Bible, at the 12th chap. of Luke, and there read these remarkable words of my Lord and Master, *why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?* I resolved, in obedience to this advice, to go that very evening to the Unitarian Chapel, and judge for myself; when to my surprise, the first words I heard from the pulpit were these—'Hark the glad sound—THE SAVIOUR comes—
The Saviour promised long!'
Strange language this, thought I, if the people are really infidels, as I have often heard them called! Then a prayer was offered up to the ONE GOD and FATHER OF ALL; in which fervent gratitude was expressed for the GIFT OF HIS SON Jesus Christ; and at the close, the minister added, '*we ask all in the name and as the disciples of* JESUS CHRIST.' After which, an excellent sermon was preached from John v. 39, '*Search the Scriptures*, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.'

These things fully convinced me, that the charges made against this body of Christians were not true, but that they were misrepresented, in direct opposition to the advice of the Apostle James (iv. 11), who says, '*Speak not evil one of another*,' I was so much pleased with what I heard, that I went again and again, and intend doing so, until convinced that what I there hear is contrary to the truth as it is in Jesus; and these are my reasons:—

FIRST.—Because I find, that Unitarians reject all human Creeds and articles of Faith, and as true Protestants, receive THE BIBLE AND THE BIBLE ONLY, as the foundation of their faith, and of the rules by which they profess to govern their conduct. Indeed, they both can and do express the points of their belief in the words of the Bible alone, and never in this important business use the compositions of fallible men.

SECONDLY.—I go to the Unitarian Chapel, because I have there learned that the doctrine of THE TRINITY about which my mind had so often been perplexed, HAS NO FOUNDATION IN SCRIPTURE: but on the contrary, that the UNDIVIDED UNITY OF THE DIVINE BEING is supported by a great number of passages which are clear and express to the point: for instance, Deut. vi. 4, '*The Lord our God is one Lord.*' Isaiah, xlv. 5, '*There is no God beside me.*' 1 Cor. viii. 6, '*There is* BUT ONE *God.*' Mark, xii. 32, '*There is but one God, and there is* NONE OTHER BUT HE.' So clear, so full, and express is the uniform testimony of the Scriptures to the great doctrine of the proper unity of God, that it seems almost impossible to account for the prevalence of the contrary opinion; and it appears to me that until this great corruption of the Christian religion shall be removed, it will be in vain to preach the Gospel to Jews and Mahomedans; for how is it possible that three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost should be each of them separately possessed of all divine perfections, so as to be, 'the very and eternal God' (*see Church of England's 2nd Article*), which clearly makes Three Gods, while yet we are so positively told in the Bible that 'THERE IS BUT ONE GOD?' Things *above* our reason may, for anything we know to the contrary, be true; but that which is *contrary* to our reason—as that three should be one, and one three, which is taught by the doctrine of the Trinity—I can never believe to be so.

A THIRD REASON is, because Unitarians dissent from the popular doctrine of ORIGINAL SIN, and, as I think, with good reason. This doctrine, which so much reflects on the goodness and love of God, and tends to make his rational creatures so much dissatisfied with his dealings towards them, is founded merely on the wrong interpretation of a few detached passages, while the general language of the Old and New Testament speaks directly the reverse. The advocates for Original Sin assert, that, on account of Adam's transgression, it would have been just in God to have made us all suffer the most exquisite and endless torments in hell, even though we had never ourselves committed any sin. The Unitarians say there is nothing like this to be found in our Bibles; for there we read, '*The Soul that sinneth it shall die*,' Ezek. xviii. 4; but the Calvinist says, the soul that hath not sinned, it shall die! Now who is to be believed, the God of truth, or fallible men? Again, the Prophet says, '*The Son shall not bear the iniquity of the Father*,' Ezek. xviii. 20. But the Calvinist, assuming to himself more wisdom than his Maker, plainly tells us, that the Sons of Adam shall not only bear the reproach, the scandal of their father, but shall also bear his punishment too, and that for ever and ever. Can anything be more opposite to the truth as it is in Jesus, than this? The declaration of Divine Wisdom is, (Ezek. xviii. 20,) '*The righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him*,' that is, it shall be his reward, and '*the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him:*' that is, he shall suffer the punishment he has brought upon himself; for "*every man shall bear his own burden. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*" Gal. vi. 5, 7. And once more, what can be a more decisive proof of the falsity of this doctrine, than the words of our Saviour, who is appointed to be our final judge, and who positively declares, that *he* will *reward every man according to his works?* But the consequences resulting from this favorite doctrine of Birth Sin are so shocking, that it seems hardly possible for reasonable creatures to be believers in it. It cannot be denied, that Mary the mother of Jesus was a daughter of Adam: of course she inherited her share of original sin. It then follows, that her son participated in her inheritance; consequently the Saviour, who was 'holy, harmless, undefiled, and

separate from sinners,' (if this doctrine of Original Sin be true), was possessed of a heart 'black as hell, and tainted with sin to the very core;' and was according to the Assembly's Catechism, 'under the wrath of God, and made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and the pains of hell, for ever! How astonishing that such a doctrine should find supporters in this enlightened age!!

A FOURTH REASON for my continuing to attend on Unitarian Worship, is, because Unitarians clearly prove how erroneous and unscriptural that doctrine is, which says, that God elected a small number of mankind to happiness, and condemned the rest to the 'pains of hell for ever,' without any regard to their conduct or behaviour in this world. Surely such a proceeding would reflect great dishonour on God, and render preaching the Gospel an absurd and useless employment. The doctrines of Election and Reprobation dishonour God, as they destroy all his lovely attributes at once; they represent the holy and righteous God as worse than the great enemy of mankind—they make the God of Truth more false than the Father of Lies! The God of Truth hath never said he '*will have* ALL MEN *to be* SAVED,' (as we read in 1 Tim. ii. 4), and that he is, '*not willing that any should perish, but all should come to repentance,*' (2 Peter, iii. 9), and at the same time doomed the greater part of them to endless misery. This doctrine dishonours Jesus Christ, as much as it does God his Father. If it be true, of what use were the preaching, the warnings, the invitations so often delivered by Christ and his Apostles? They would have been totally absurd and useless. Can it be less than hypocrisy to invite and encourage people to repentance, if they have no power to obey, and when if they had, it would be productive of no advantage, because their final doom was irrevocably fixed before they were born? Was our blessed Master a deceiver of the people, or was he not? How shall we describe those tears which he shed when approaching the city of Jerusalem? Were they tears of sincerity and affection, as the Unitarians understand them? or did he weep crocodile's tears over the prey which he had doomed to destruction? If the doctrine of Predestination be true, he must have known the Jews would not benefit by his instructions or take warnings by his threatenings—they would not because they could not.

The Rev. J. Wesley said, "Call this doc- "trine by whatever name you please, Election, "Predestination, or Reprobation, it comes to the "same thing; the sense is plainly this; that by "the virtue of an eternal irresistible decree of "God, one part of mankind are infallibly saved "and the rest infallibly damned, it being impos- "sible that any of the former should be damned, "or any of the latter should be saved." Now this is directly contrary to the Sacred Scriptures: for we read in Romans, ii. 11, '*There is no respect of persons with God;*' and in the same chapter, '*God will render to every man according to his deeds;* and in Psalms lxxxiv. 15, the divine being is represented to be '*long suffering gracious, full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth;*' and in Acts, x. 34, we are told that '*God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.*' These are the declarations of the Word of Truth, and worthy of all acceptation.

LASTLY—The Unitarians refute the popular doctrine of ATONEMENT OR SATISFACTION, in a manner equally convincing to my mind. This erroneous notion is the result of that of Original Sin. Its supporters say, that the Divine Being, having charged the guilt of Adam's transgression on all his posterity, and not willing to forgive any part of it without having the demands of his justice fully satisfied; his Son, the second person in the Godhead, paid the penalty due for the whole of mankind, and thus obtained pardon and favor for a certain number, who are his chosen people. Unitarians say, that this scheme is at variance with the perfections of the Almighty, and contrary to the language of the Old and New Testaments. The proper way to know what is meant by any doctrine, is to take the words of the party who adopt it as their own. Unitarians do this, and quote these words from the 12th Homily of the Church of England:—"For the "transgression of God's precepts, in eating an "apple, he condemned all the world to perpetual "death, and would not be pacified but only "with the blood of his own Son;" and the second of the 39 Articles expressly declares, "Christ, very God and very Man, truly suffered, "was dead and buried, to *reconcile the Father to* "*us.*" All this is directly contrary to the Scriptures: God is there represented as delighting in mercy, and ready to forgive all who turn from their sins by repentance and amendment of life. The Apostle tells us that Eternal Life is the 'GIFT of God through Jesus Christ:' now a PURCHASED GIFT is a contradiction in terms; the pardon of sin is an UNPURCHASED GIFT. Let us attend to the evidence, and then decide.

In Psalm lxxxvi. 5, we read, '*Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;*' CXXX. 4, '*There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.*' And as to what is requisite, in order to obtain this great blessing, see Acts, iii. 19, '*Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.*' 2 Peter, iii. 9, '*The Lord is long suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that* ALL *should come to repentance.*' To which if we add the declaration, in the 1st epistle of John, i. 9, that He is '*faithful and just to forgive us our sins,*' on the conditions laid down in the Gospel, I think with the Unitarians, that enough has been said to establish the glorious doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, upon sincere repentance and reformation alone.

As to the assertion in the 2nd Article of the Church of England, that 'Christ truly suffered, was "dead and buried, *to reconcile the Father to us;*' it is astonishing that any persons should thus venture to contradict the most clear and plain passages in the word of God—such as the following:—2 Cor. v. 19, "*God was in Christ,* RECONCILING THE WORLD UNTO HIMSELF"; and in the preceding verse the Apostle says, '*God hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ;*' and adds '*we pray you,* BE YE RECONCILED UNTO GOD.' The Bible says nothing of Christ reconciling his Father to the World; but

of the world being reconciled unto him: and the manner of his doing so is shown in that most excellent parable, the Prodigal Son; in which the good Father no sooner sees his disobedient Son returning to him, and to his duty, than without any atonement or satisfaction, even while he was 'a great way off,' he ran to him, extended his arms of mercy, received him into his embrace, fell upon his neck, and kissed him; and thus the long, black catalogue of his offences was blotted out from the book of the Father's remembrance. Luke xv.

This, my friend, is the mode of reasoning which I found the Unitarians make use of. They try every religious doctrine by the touchstone of Holy Scripture; and all that will not bear this scrutiny, they reject as unworthy of credit. They assert that there are 3,500 passages in the word of God, in which their principles are either clearly expressed, or plainly implied, and *they challenge* Trinitarians and Calvinists to produce a tenth part of that number, which have *even an appearance* of supporting their doctrines. They invite to a fair trial, and are willing to abide the result. Can anything be fairer? and do you any longer wonder that it is my comfort and delight to join in worship with such a body of Christians? I intend doing so as long as I live and have ability; and hope to lead my dear children in the same path, in full confidence that the time will come promised by Him who knoweth all things, through the prophet Zechariah (xiv. 9), when there shall be "ONE LORD, and his NAME ONE, through all the earth."—*Advocate.*

SCHOOL DANGERS.

Not long since, a gentleman of wealth from the East, consulted us in behalf of an only child, a daughter of seventeen, at school. The report was, that she was so much "interested" in her studies, that she barely allowed herself necessary sleep; that she always ate in haste, and went to her books immediately after her meals. She had all the symptoms of a commencing decline, and she was determined to "keep up" until the close of the session. Those two months seemed to us an interminable age ahead. We felt as if she ought to have been hurried out of the school-room, without an hour's delay, and driven out among the beautiful hills. But the gratification which was to result to her from a successful examination outweighed all considerations of the happiness of healthful youth. We declined giving special advice while she was at school. We have no doubt the reaction which will take place after the examination will, with her previous condition, send her to an early grave—as it has done in multitudes of similar cases before. Parents ought to remember, that reviewing studies for an examination is for the glorification of the teacher, without any commensurate advantage to the scholar.

A young lady, the hope of a widowed mother, and both poor, wrote, only in June last, that she was at school, preparing herself as a teacher, with a view to support herself and mother, by obtaining a position in the school of which she was then only a scholar; but, in order to do that, it was necessary that her examination should entitle her to a diploma. How long and how hard had she been striving, we do not know; but the struggle had been so severe, the tension so great and continued, that she writes; "A weakness and drowsiness has come over me, from which I cannot arouse myself, and causes me almost to despair of recovery. Mere talking is a weariness. It seems as if I shall never feel wide awake again. I feel as if I could sleep for ever. This sleepiness is experienced, not only at noon and at night, but also in the early morning. Having always ranked first in my classes at school, I have endeavoured, the present year, to maintain my position; but I feel that my health is not equal to the task. It seems that the faculties of my mind are not what they once were, especially my memory. The time is drawing near, when the diplomas will be awarded to our class. The apprehension of a failure on my part, weighs heavily on my mind; and fail I must, unless I can be aroused from my stupid state. The very efforts I make to keep myself awake in the day-time, often make me sick at heart."

Here is the case of a young brain stimulated to sheer exhaustion, while all the powers of life were failing with it. Out upon it, we say. Let the barbarous customs of the school-room be abolished; and let parents and teachers understand, that education can be so conducted as to make it a self-buoyant process, from the commencement of the alphabet to its successful close. Really competent teachers can make it a delight, instead of a burden and a bore—can make it the meat and drink of those who learn. These are practical teachers, and deserve triple salaries, with the respect and thanks of all the humane.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A Good Motto.—Neander's motto was: "It is the heart which makes the theologian." So say we, love is the best logic of religion.

Grumblers.—If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness all about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy.

A Delicate Appetite.—A Jesuit one day found an old Brazilian woman almost at the point of death. Having satisfied himself as to her conversion to Christianity, he asked her if there was any little delicacy that she could fancy. "Alas, my son, my stomach goes against everything. There is but one thing I could touch. If I had the head of a little Tappan boy I could pick the little bones; but, woe is me, there is no one to go out and shoot one for me." This anecdote is found in Southey's history of Brazil, and shows the incurable attachment of the Indians, at that day, for cannibalism. May we not doubt of the inward and spiritual grace of such conversions as these, though they are attended with all the outward and spiritual signs of sacramental religion?

A CLIPPING FROM A CATECHISM.

Q. Are there more Gods than one?
A. No: There is only one God.
Q. Are there more persons than one in God?
A. Yes, there are three persons.
Q. *Which* are they?
A. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.
Q. What do we call these three?
A. The Holy Trinity.
Q Are there three Gods?
A. No: three Persons, but one God.

Now what man, or child, free from Church teaching, and all educational bias, would ever gather any thing of this kind from the New Testament?

An Honest Farmer.—Two farmers having a dispute as to some land, an action at law was commenced to determine it. On the day fixed for the trial, one of them called on his opponent to accompany him to the court, that each might give his own statement of the case. Finding his neighbour at work in the field, he said to him: "Is it possible that you have forgotten our cause to-day?" "No," said he, "I have not forgotten it, but I cannot well spare the time to go. You will be there, and I know you are an honest man, and will state the case fairly, and justice will be done." And so it proved; for the farmer stated his neighbour's claims so clearly that the cause was decided against him, and he returned to his opponent to inform him that he had gained the property. Such a character is worth more than the wealth of the Indies.

Anecdote of the late Professor Edward Forbes.—"I must mention an instance of high principle which struck me as very remarkable in one so young. I think he might have been about fourteen, when his mother told me she much wished her eldest son would study for the church. Thinking him a seriously-disposed youth, and, soon after this conversation, happening to have an opportunity of saying something to him on the subject, he replied to my remark, suddenly but firmly,—'I'll tell you what, Miss Stowell, you want to persuade me to seek the church. Now, were I to tell you candidly what would be my motives in doing so, you yourself would be the very first person to blame me.' 'What motives? Just that I might have time to paint and study what I liked. And what sort of a clergyman should I be, to swear that I was moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that office, which I chiefly took upon me for the sake of *leisure*. No! I'll never take money for what I don't intend to devote myself to!'"—*Memoir of Edward Forbes, F.R.S.*, p. 49. (Extract from a Letter of Miss Stowell, his first teacher.)

A Scene After a Sensation Meeting.—An extraordinary attempt at parricide formed the subject of magisterial investigation at Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire, on Thursday. A young shoemaker, named Benjamin Betts, living with his father, John Betts, the sexton of the parish, having received some religious "impression," laboured under a high state of excitement, betraying evident symptoms of a deranged mind. The other night, he told his father that he would not sleep in the same chamber with Hollingshead, a lodger, for he was a "fiend," but he would sleep with him, to which the father assented, and about eleven he retired to his father's chamber, leaving the latter up reading. At one o'clock the son came down stairs to his father, and said he was hungry. After eating something both went to bed, the son taking with him two of his shoemaker's knives. After a short time, the son got out of bed, locked the chamber door, and returned to bed. He afterwards got out twice, and on getting into bed the last time, he attacked the old man with one of the knives. A struggle ensued, in which both fell out of bed, and the struggle was continued on the floor, the son making his stabs at random. The father at last obtained possession of the knife, and ran to a neighbour for assistance. The room presented the appearance of a slaughter-house, and the old man was covered with blood, which was running down from several severe wounds in his side and legs. The old man is in a very weak condition, but is progressing favourably. The son said that he had let the devil out of him, and if he had not done so he would have gone to hell, but if he had only killed that "fiend," pointing to the cat, he would have been saved. On being locked up, he commenced whistling and singing hymns. —He was remanded.—*Lincoln Paper.*

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